

LANGUAGE IS SWEET.

EXPRESSION BY THE TONGUE IS NECESSARY TO HAPPINESS.

Life Would Be Mighty Desolate Without Sweet Words—Much More Beautiful Could We Make This Existence if We Took More Pains in Talking.

How would you enjoy life with sweet words left out? My littlest one runs to me and with both arms about my neck pulls me down to kiss me, and whispers as if it were a new secret: "Papa, I love you. Oh, how I just do love, love you!"

Then comes my oldest boy, a grand fellow, stout and wholesome and brainy, and before I am aware his arm is about my neck, and he pulls my head over on his shoulder with a kiss and a "Papa, you are awful dear to me." Pshaw, what is there in words? A few sounds—nothing else! I am not so certain about that.

Somehow I have lately read a good story of a married couple that from some spleen vowed not to speak to each other. Well, if they had not really loved they could have got on without talk, but in this case they could not. So by happy inspiration they used the household cat as a go between.

"Go," said Betsy, "and tell John that dinner is ready." "Go," answered John, "and tell Betsy I am on hand." "Here, puss," says John, "tell Betsy this pudding is remarkably good, and I will take another plate of it if she pleases."

So for years they kept their vows, but told their love and got on famously. It is a general fact that friendship grows stronger by a short separation and correspondence by pen. A man or woman will say sweet or true things in a letter that they would not say first by mouth.

How came it about that the tongue and adjacent organs got control of language? Possibly Dido can explain this. She leaps and bounds about me in overwhelming joy. Her nose is in my face and her paws on my chest. At last, utterly unable to express all her emotion, she throws back her head and explodes in a bark. It is nothing but an explosion, but it is a great relief to her.

That is the beginning of speech in all creatures—only a noise made by the rush of emotion through the mouth. By and by this noise is modified to express different emotions. The dog can express a dozen passions and resentments, and yet most of these are told by the tail and the body in general.

The next step is, or was, to modify these sounds into musical notes. The bird does not enunciate first, but sings. The lower races sing well and talk badly. The highest art is to sing well and talk equally well. So language slowly gets stolen by a certain set of organs that at first had little to do with it.

The legs and hands come less into play to tell emotions; the tail, which has done so much animal talking, is aborted. I think it is aborted mainly because its functions are mostly passed over to the tongue. I have not heard whether the tailed tribe of Africans wag those appendages in friendly greeting like dogs or not.

You will see that my theory about the development of language accounts for many abnormal forms of speech. Profanity is a mere explosion of sound, closely allied to the dog's bark and the cat's squall. It is not so wicked as it is beastly. It is the natural language of a vulgar fellow who has no art of high language.

Nothing New Under the Sun. "I am beginning to believe that there is absolutely nothing new under the sun, but that every thought is a revival or an imitation or a downright plagiarism of some one which preceded it years and years ago," said Calvin S. Southwood as he warmed his feet against a heater in the rotunda of the Lindell.

"This expression was evidently taken bodily from the 'Poor Richard's Almanac' of Benjamin Franklin, and this distinguished philosopher I feel sure borrowed it either consciously or unconsciously from an old German book full of folklore. Many of these old thoughts in more recent writers are unconsciously reproduced, and in their new dress can hardly be recognized."

Renan had a great contempt for mere words, however eloquent. One evening he met at a sort of a literary dinner M. Caro, the philosopher beloved of fine ladies, who set himself to prove the existence of God.

"In a moment, M. Renan, we will listen to you in your turn." He bowed submissively. Toward the end of dinner M. Caro, out of breath, stopped with a rhetorical emphasis. At once every one turned toward the illustrious scholar, hoping that he would enter the lists, and the hostess, with an encouraging smile, said: "Now, M. Renan."

I nice looking old gentleman with a florid complexion approached the appointment clerk of the treasury one day with an application for a place, indorsed by some letters of recommendation. When the official asked him a question he said: "Please write it down. I am so deaf that I could not hear a sound if a cannon were fired off close to my ear."

Clara Jane's Hardworking Hen. Clara Jane Edwards has placed on our table two large hen eggs. They are about the size of turkey eggs. Clara Jane says that the hen that laid 'em has laid two of this size every day for the last four years, but has now gone to setting. The eggs have been broken in the frying pan and they have each two yolks.

Frightened Into a Fever. Frederick I of Prussia was killed by fear. His wife was insane, and one day she escaped from her keepers, and dabbled her clothes in blood rushed upon her husband while he was dozing in his chair. King Frederick imagined her to be the white lady whose ghost was believed to appear whenever the death of a member of the royal family was to occur, and he was thrown into a fever and died in six weeks.—Dr. Elder in Washington Post.

Accustomed to Being Waylaid. There was a Bavarian prince who was so entirely accustomed to being continually waylaid and followed about by his admirers that once on coming out of the Frauenkirche (Church of Our Lady), feeling himself held back by the cloak, he turned abruptly round and angrily exclaimed: "This is really not the place!" before he saw, to his relief, that it was only his cloak which had hitched, in passing, on a nail.—Exchange.

Ethan Allen's Reply. While Ethan Allen was held a prisoner in New York an offer was made him of a large tract of land in Vermont or Connecticut, as he preferred, provided he would espouse the cause of England. His reply is characteristic: "If by fidelity I have recommended myself to General Howe, I shall be loath by unfaithfulness to lose the general's good opinion."—Youth's Companion.

Guarded Sympathy. Very Stout Nervous Old Lady (to guard)—Oh, guard, wouldn't it be dreadful if there was a collision on the line? I'm about to travel by. Facetious Guard—Yes, mum, it would be for any one you happened to fall on.—Exchange.

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

A DETECTIVE SAYS THAT WOMEN ARE MORE CRUEL THAN MEN.

In Reality There Are as Many Female Criminals as There Are Male, but Circumstances Conspire to Shield the Wicked Woman—Women Seldom Reform.

Theodore C. Metzler, the well known San Francisco detective, has not had twenty-six years of experience in his profession without obtaining some very strong impressions and opinions in regard to crime and criminals. "As a sort of text," said Mr. Metzler, "for what I have to say on this subject, I will state that in considering men and women as criminals, between whom and their deeds comparisons are to be made, I consider that, while man is undoubtedly, as a rule, the more prominent in crime, woman, on the other hand, is at once more cruel and cunning in what she does."

From the circumstance that a considerable less number of women than men are convicted of crime the inference is drawn that in women the criminal propensities are weaker or under better control. Such a conclusion is, however, not borne out by the facts, for when crimes have been traced to women it has been found in the great majority of cases that the guilty deeds have been committed not only with systematic cunning, but also with a coolness and cruelty which have seldom been attributed to man.

There are several reasons," continued Mr. Metzler, "why so few women have been convicted of crime. Man's natural sympathy for her often causes him to overlook important points against her, and then again he is always extra careful for fear he might do her injustice and injury. Men in the detective profession may pretend to have no sympathy for a woman, yet a good looking face and a bewitching smile always find a tender spot in their hearts."

"Of course there are exceptions, but they are very few. If there are men in this profession who are not susceptible to a woman's plea, I, in my experience of twenty-six years, have failed to find them. "Another thing: It is seldom considered that girls are watched more carefully than boys and are under greater restraint. Neither is it taken into account that older females spend more of their time at home, while males of their own age are on the street or mingling with persons whose habits are not always the best. Many of the temptations to crime come from business complications, in which women have little or no share, as they spend most of their time at home with their children and female companions. Most homicides, you know, are the results of anger excited when persons are away from their homes and families, as violent quarrels generally take place in the street or barroom, and not in the parlor or sitting room."

"Now as to the cruelty and deliberation of the female criminal. The history of crime shows that most of the murders committed by women are those perpetrated by the administration of poison. They show careful preparation and great deliberation. In almost every instance treachery is employed, the victim being invited to partake of refreshments by one who is presumed to be a friend."

"Murder by the administration of poison is considered the most foul and the darkest of all crimes, but it is the one that women have been addicted to more generally than men in all ages and countries."

"Another very remarkable fact," continued the detective, "has recently been mentioned in a London paper by the chaplain of Clerkenwell jail. It is that some criminals are practically incurable. From a table prepared by him it was shown that during last year there were committed to the prisons and jails of England and Wales 5,686 men and 9,764 women who had been convicted no less than ten times previously. You see the force of the comparison."

"A partial explanation of this strange state of things may be found in the fact that women are more thoroughgoing in all things, good, bad or indifferent, than the men. They do nothing by halves. Be the matter the construction of a shortcake, the making of a crazy quilt or the poisoning of a rival, woman devotes all her time, knowledge and talent to what she has in view."

"Then, again, a woman has less chance of reforming than a man. The latter can go to a strange or distant place, raise whiskers or shave those he had, assume a different name and commence life anew. He can generally find employment, but with the woman it is more difficult. Disguise is not so easy, and if she goes to a different place some one is liable to recognize her."

"A strange woman is always looked on with suspicion, as it is presumed that she would prefer to live in the town where she was brought up and where her old acquaintances are. A man gets credit for his enterprise if he goes to a new country and engages in a business for himself, but such is not the case with a woman. If she is once discovered her own sex are the first to point their fingers at her, turn up their noses and refuse to associate with her, the result of which is that she becomes hardened and callous, and is again driven to crime."—San Francisco Post.

As Far As Looks Go. "They've raked in a pretty tough looking lot this morning, haven't they?" observed the stranger, who had dropped in at the police station. "You are looking at the wrong gang," said the reporter to whom he had spoken. "Those are not the prisoners. They are the lawyers."—Exchange.

Where Boston Streets Got Their Names. The English names given to the Back Bay streets were evolved by a couple of Irish-Americans on the board of survey, aided by a copy of the "British Peerage."—Boston Pilot.

AN ANGRY INSPECTOR.

Mrs. Helen Hunt's Experience in a Museum in Copenhagen.

One of the sights of Copenhagen is the Rosenberg castle collection, officially known as the "Chronological Collection of the Kings of Denmark." When Mrs. Helen Hunt went to see it she bought a "full ticket," so as to insure the entire attention of the museum inspector. He was a handsome man, fifty years old or more, and when he began to speak English the visitor's delight was unbounded. What an afternoon she should have! "I am sorry," she said, "that we have so short a time in which to see these beautiful and interesting collections. Two hours is nothing!" "Oh, I shall explain to you everything," he said, and he proceeded to throw open the doors of mysterious wall closets. Says Mrs. Hunt: "The first thing he pointed out to me was the famous Oldenburg horn, said to have been given to Count Otto of Oldenburg by a mountain nymph in a forest one day in the year 909. As he pointed to it I opened my catalogue to find the place where it was mentioned, that I might make on the margin some notes of points that I wished to recollect. I might have been looking at it for perhaps half a minute when thundering from the mouth of my splendid Dane came:

"Do you prefer that you read it in the catalogue than that I tell you?" I am not sure, but my impression is I actually jumped at his tone. I know I was frightened. I explained to him that I was not looking for it in the catalogue to read then and there, but only to associate what I saw with its place and with the illustrations in the catalogue, and to make notes for future use. He hardly heard a word I said. Putting out his hand and waving my poor catalogue away, he said: "It is all there. You shall find everything there as I tell you. Will you listen?"

Quite cowed, I tried to listen, but I found that without my marginal notes I should remember nothing. I opened my catalogue again. The very sight of it seemed to act upon him like a scarlet flag on a bull. Instantly he burst out upon me again. In vain I tried to stem the tide of his angry words, and the angrier he got the less intelligible became his English.

"Perhaps you take me for a servant in this museum," he said. "Perhaps my name is as good in my country as yours is in your own!" "Oh, do—do listen to me one minute!" I said. "If you will only hear me I think I can make you understand. I do implore you not to be angry."

"I am not angry. I have listened to you every time—too many times. I have not time to listen any more." This he said so angrily that I felt the tears coming into my eyes. I was in despair. I turned to Harriet and said, "Very well, Harriet, we will go." "You shall not go!" he exclaimed. "Twenty years I have shown this museum and never yet was any one before dissatisfied with what I tell them. I have myself written this catalogue you carry. Now I will nothing say, and you can ask if you wish I should explain anything."

He folded his arms and stepped back, the very image of a splendid man in a sulk. I hesitated what to do, but at last I gulped down my wounded feelings and went on looking and making notes. Presently he began to cool down, to see his mistake. In less than half an hour he had ceased to be hostile, and before the end of the hour he had become friendly, and more. He seized both my hands in his, exclaiming: "We shall be good friends—good! You must come again to Rosenberg; you must see it all. I will myself show you every room. No matter who sends to come in, they shall not be admitted. I go alone with you."

A Story About the Pansy. A pretty fable about the pansy is current among French and German children. The flower has five petals and five sepals. In most pansies, especially of the earlier and less highly developed varieties, two of the petals are plain in color and three are gay. The two plain petals have a single sepal, two of the gay petals have a sepal each, and the third, which is the largest of all, has two sepals. The fable is that the pansy represents a family consisting of husband and wife and four daughters, two of the latter being stepchildren of the wife.

The plain petals are the stepchildren, with only one chair; the two small gay petals are the daughters, with a chair each, and the large gay petal is the wife, with two chairs. To find the father one must strip away the petals until the stamens and pistils are bare. They have a fanciful resemblance to an old man with a flannel wrap about his neck, his shoulders upraised and his feet in a bathtub.—Detroit Free Press.

A Refractory Youth. A child four years old is the son of a man who is almost abnormally pious. This youth was told to go to see a family visitor who had incautiously shown an interest in him. Instead of doing so he backed away, lodged himself in a corner, and with a convincing shake of the head and flourish of the fists exclaimed: "I won't, I won't, I won't, for Jesus' sake. Amen."—New York Recorder.

Breaking It Gently. "Mrs. Small," said the lodger to his landlady, "I thought you didn't allow smoking in the parlor?" "I don't," replied Mrs. Small with energy. "Who's doing it, I'd like to know?" "Well, if you have time you might step in and reconstrate with the lamp."—Exchange.

To Dissipate an Orange. It is not generally known that an orange hit in the exact center by a rifle ball will vanish at once from sight. Such, however, is the fact. Shooting it through the center scatters it in such infinitesimal pieces that it is at once lost to sight.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

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